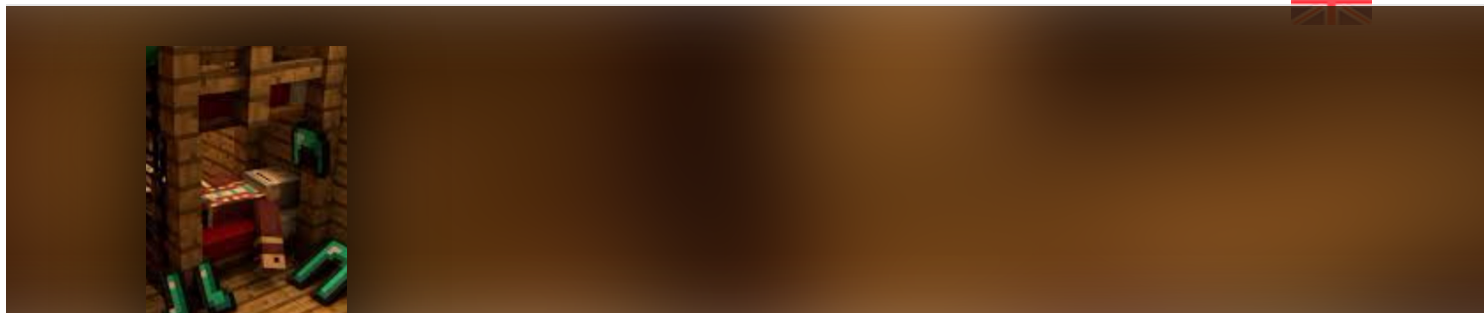Discover ▾

A Minecraft Story: Trying to Survive

👁 27   ✔ 1   ⭐ 2

Chapter 1 by Jesse Sanders

I roam across the landscape with the leather armor heavily uneven on my shoulders. I strike a tree hard with my fist and a tiny block about one-eighth the size of a regular block popped out. I feel it pop into my inventory and the weight of it impends. I turn around and rush in the opposite direction toward my unfinished house. I reach it as the sun starts to lower at the edge of the world. With a quick motion I transform the tree logs into planks of oak wood. The hard blocky texture feels familiar in my hand as I place them down to finish my masterpiece. I finish and take time to look it over for any mishaps I may have skipped. I push the door open and the listen as it closes behind me. The landscape becomes shadowy and the fear races across the ground as the pigs and cows silently roam through the night. Then the first sound of fear strikes as a loud clicking and hisses from a spider. I pull my wooden sword from my inventory and ready myself for the night...

Chapter 2 by Coletastrophe ✎

I look into my chest for string.

"I need to make a bow!" I yell to myself, just as the zombies start pounding on the door. "Come

See more of Story Wars

floorboards. They come away after a few swings. I reach for the string inside the chest. Pulling myself up to my crafting table, I arrange the string and sticks in the correct pattern.

Pulling the bowstring back, I face the door.

"Okay," I said to myself. " there are zombies out front."

I look out back, to the yard.

"Creepers out back." I sigh. "That leaves only one option."

I look up to the ceiling. That's when I hear the lock on the door shatter.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

🛈 **You need to login before writing - click here**

> Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature   ☐ receive feedback   Submit draft

> Write a comment...

About | Request Feedback |

See more of Story Wars

Login   or   Create new account